WE CAN LOVE NO MORE!

Ballad

Arranged for the

Spanish Guitar

BY

F. WEILAND.

Philadelphia, Geo. W. Hewitt & C^o late Nunns / 70 S^o. Third S^t.

Entered according to act of Congress in the Year 1839 by Geo: W. Hewitt & C^o. in the Clerks Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Have born will bear to the last, Nor

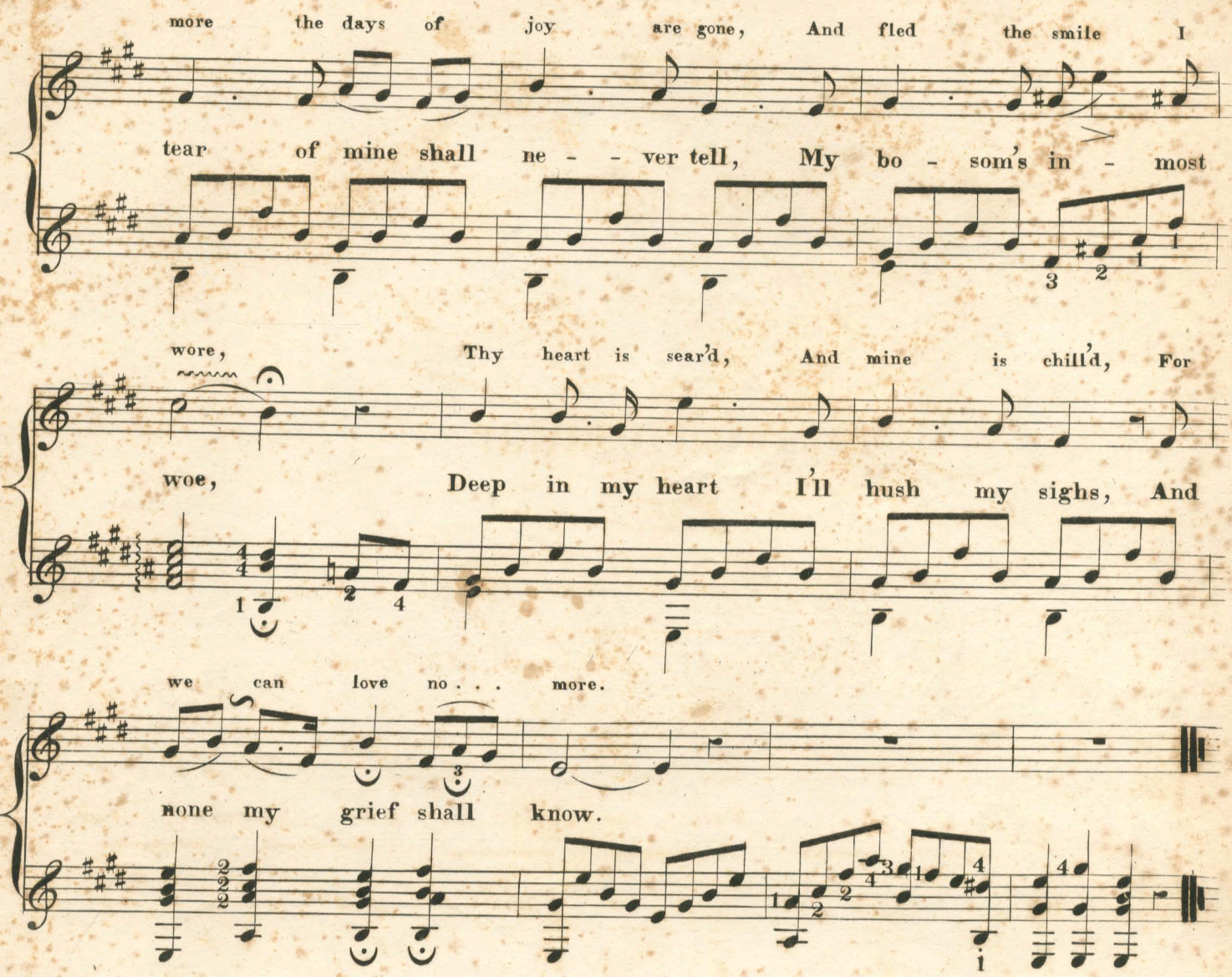
Fare the well! we meet no more, For

mur - - mer at my lot; The time will come thou

'tis my bit - ter fate; Not on - ly to out-

would'st give worlds, The past should be for - - got. No

live thy love, But to en - dure thy hate. Yet


more the days of joy are gone, And fled the smile I
tear of mine shall ne - - ver tell, My bo - som's in - most
wore, Thy heart is sear'd, And mine is chill'd, For
woe, Deep in my heart I'll hush my sighs, And
we can love no . . . more.
none my grief shall know.

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If in secret I may mourn,
The bright hopes now o'erthrown;
I'll wear a smile when friends are nigh,
And weep my tears alone.
Look back upon our happier years,
And all thy vows to me;
Then ask thy heart have I deserved,
The wrongs I've bourn from thee.